

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

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MARCH 23, 1916.

OUR "PATHETIC" ARMY! IT BEATS ALL HOW ANXIOUS WE ARE FOR WAR.

Col. Ed. Glenn, chief of staff of the department of the east, publicly proclaims that "the American army today is the most pathetic thing any nation ever knew or contemplated."

It is not the first time that the American army has been "pathetic." In the eyes of professional warriors, Washington's forces were pathetic. "The Union's forces were pathetic, along about the first battle of Bull Run. In times of peace, the American army has always been more or less pathetic, by comparison.

It is to the honor of the nation, that it has never maintained a large, fierce, unpathetic army. If the times were not out of joint, this country would be able to get along with the regular forces it has maintained for the past 50 years, and it would be to its credit to do so, however pathetic it might appear to bloodthirsty nations or individuals.

The present movement for preparedness would have died a-b-rin', long ago, had the American people believed it was for aggressive purposes. For the purpose of hunting down the villainous Villa, the American army is strong enough. It will accomplish that purpose, scientifically, and that purpose only, if the Mexican people will let it. If we have got to conquer Mexico, you may properly call the American army "pathetic." We will have to fall back upon forces upon which the nation has finally had to rely in every war in which it has ever engaged.

This country, especially in the smallness of its regular army, is a living example to the world of the aims and benefits of peace and humane purposes. Its regular army is but a police force for the preservation of order. As such it is not pathetic, and it is a matter of national regret that self-preservation demands that we strengthen it.

The invasion, by foreigners, of our territory and slaughter of our citizens and soldiers must be punished. If the American army is not permitted to do it, the American nation will.

GORE AS A CONDITION PRECEDENT TO CIVILIZATION AND PROGRESS.

Full of interest, and entertaining, and high-minded, were the addresses at the March dinner of the Knife and Fork club, with ex-Sen. Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American union, Washington, and Rev. Lynn Harold Hough of Northwestern university, as the speakers, and Rev. Henry L. Davis as toastmaster. Barrett should have been heard by everybody because of his masterful plea for Pan-Americanism, and the manner in which he pointed out our needed friendly relations with our sister republics of the continent to the south. Unveiled, however, and necessary that you pick it up yourself, there was a clash of sentiment and a differentiation of principle as between Mr. Burton, recognized as a stand-patter, and Dr. Hough, presumably progressive, at least in religious matters, that causes us to wonder why. As we see it, the reputations of the two men for progressivism and stand-pattism, ought to be reversed, at least in part.

We have no sympathy with Dr. Hough's emphasis placed upon the fact that, as he quoted someone, "the progress of the world has been paid for, not in cash, but in blood," from which he seemed to presume that it always must be so. Though he is a comparatively young man, we would place him in the same class with those old men to whom ex-Sen. Burton referred to as always living in the past, who think that because certain things have been done it must be the way of all time, and who would pursue the course of, "when in doubt, do nothing." Because the progress of the world has been, in the main, purchased in blood, is no saying that it always needs to be that way. He may hiss at us for calling the European war wholesale murder if he wants to, but in an age as enlightened as this ought to be, that is all it is—organized murder, pure and simple. Contrary to his view, too, we assert, that instead of its being a fight for the high ideals for which the different countries stand, it is a fight for their lack of high ideals. We would agree with him that the war is no challenge to Christianity, but in addition we would assert that it is a challenge to a lack of Christianity.

Any effort to ennobize the war in Europe ought to fail and must fail. Civilization demands it. The war may be necessary, but it is a necessary evil, and necessary because of evil. In other words, it may be an excusable war, due to the various contending powers having the good sense to seek self-preservation, but the excuse is drawn from the hoped-for effect, rather than from the causes. It is an excuse rather than a justification. We of the United States may be forced into a war some time, possibly in self-defense, perhaps of aggression, but back of it somewhere there is bound to be injustice, wrong, selfishness, either on our own part or on that of our adversary, and probably both—a conclusion that might be averted were a high idealism more generally observed.

Some day the age of bullets will be over, and the age of ideas will come. We will come nearer to it anyway by thinking so, and this is not saying either that the policy of preparedness upon which the nation is entering ought not to be pursued. We may need it, sooner or later, to save us from ourselves. We have had evidences of hot-headedness sufficient during the past year that it should convince even the most optimistic of our pacifists that we cannot expect too much in the way of high ideals or practical Christianity from the American people, any more than that it could rightly have been expected of Europe when the

war broke out two years ago. If we are going to carry a chip around on our shoulder, preparedness to defend it is perfectly right and proper, but let us admit it on the basis of defending our shortcomings against effecting our elimination, rather than on the basis of our high ideals or an outburst of Christian virtue.

War is always either a calamity or a crime. It is usually both. Napoleon did not exaggerate when he said "war is the trade of barbarians." Whatever may be said of the wars of other days, this war in Europe is more than a calamity. It is a crime, and all the more so because of this more enlightened age that countenances it, and the larger viciousness with which it is waged. Dr. Hough was very good in his delineations of the qualifications for leadership, but, from our viewpoint, at least, his supposition that we must have bloodshed in order to advance civilization is decidedly off color.

A PROPER STEP IS TAKEN TO POPULARIZE THE CLASSICS.

Latin and Greek literature have too long been surrounded with the barbed-wire fences of a stupid pedantry which says the only way in which to enter their field is by going around by the long road of learning the languages in which they were written. Moreover, the pedants require not that the languages be studied sensibly with the object of rapid reading and enjoyment, but, insensibly, with the apparent object of attaining every possible flash of human interest by interminable parsing, construing and textual criticism.

It is absurd that the treasures of Latin and Greek should be locked away from the average reader by these superstitious of an outworn academic tradition. Practically all of them are now available in excellent translations, needing only a little attractive bookmaking to render them popular.

What might be done in this direction is suggested by Marcus Southwell Dinsdale, in his "History of Latin Literature." The writer gives a ray of hope to those who would like to see the classics treated as human productions, to be read and judged by human standards, just as we judge Alfred Noyes or Rudyard Kipling or Ernest Poole. The history is written not for the student, but for the "general reader."

This makes a break in the tradition. The general reader is no longer treated as a hopeless "low-brow," to whom the classics are necessarily sealed books. And when the reader really gets acquainted with classic authors, as he will through good translations in his town library if properly encouraged, he will find that they are not at all the "high-brow stuff" he has been led to believe them. He is likely to find Homer or Livy as entertaining as the latest fiction, and laugh with Aristophanes as he does with George Ade or Bernard Shaw.

PREACHERS IN BUSINESS SHOULD SURELY BE CAUTIOUS.

Within the last few weeks two famous New York preachers have been revealed as losers in business enterprises. Both have been what might be termed comfortable fortunes in business investments.

In neither case does it seem to have been anything really culpable in the minister's conduct. And yet both deserve criticism.

Whether a minister of the gospel has a right to engage in business and make what money he can by legitimate business methods is a matter of opinion. At any rate, in view of the small salaries most preachers receive, the public is hardly in position to criticize them very severely, as long as they use good business judgment.

But here is the difficulty. Ministers as a class know little about business. No other class of men is more readily deceived by clever and unscrupulous promoters. And it has been proved in hundreds of instances that an unwise or improper business venture made by the pastor is almost invariably used by the promoters as a snare for his flock. Often the ministers, in their enthusiasm, deliberately lend their sanction and influence to questionable enterprises, with the result that a whole congregation is involved in loss. For this reason, at least, ministers should be far more cautious than they are in business ventures.

Ministers in New York will no doubt be glad to receive this bit of advice from a newspaper in South Bend.

WEDDING ENDOWMENT INSURANCE AS AN ANTIDOTE FOR RACE SUICIDE.

Along comes a Russian economist, Mr. Sergius N. Syromiatnikoff, and tells us exactly how to remedy this late marriage business. "Insure the baby at birth," he says, "for a substantial sum payable on the wedding day, the sum to be sufficient to give the young couple a start in housekeeping or to give an opportunity of living free from financial strain during the first hard years of married life."

Mr. Syromiatnikoff adds that if only the healthy receive the insurance money, and only the healthy baby be insured at the state, there will be put a premium on healthy babies and healthy grown-ups which will discourage the sowing of wild oats and encourage all young people to take good care of their health.

The idea isn't especially new. In many places a girl's dowry chest is bought at birth, and she begins to fill it with linens as soon as she can take a stitch. The boy's land and farm animals are set aside in the same way, so that their future housekeeping start is assured. It's merely the adaptation of a very old idea to the circumstances of modern life. Whether it would do all Mr. Syromiatnikoff thinks it will for economic and eugenic conditions can't be told until it's tried. It does, however, fall in line with a strong modern tendency to cure all ills by insurance.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Mr. Editor:—In regard to Mexico, had Pres't Wilson long ago—J. B. a Reader.

This is all we'll print of J. B.'s long card, which he evidently sat up about four nights to write for us. We'll answer him briefly, too, and profoundly wish that our answer could ring in the halls of congress—and some not far off universities; even a few pulpits.

"Oh! Shut up!" is our reply.

We notice that while their friends in America have been pleading for intervention, now the bishops and archbishops of Mexico, whom we were to proceed to rescue, are telling us that they wish we'd stay to home and mind our own business—and that they will attend to theirs.

Good horse sense!

The purchase of the Nicaragua canal route by the United States for \$3,000,000 seems intended merely to keep any other nation from building a rival canal, but why shouldn't we go ahead and dig another canal there? Then, whenever one canal was closed by a slide, we could use the other. And when traffic got too heavy, for convenience, eastbound ships might go through the Panama canal and westbound ships through the Nicaragua canal, or vice versa. And then why not remove all the earth between the canals and let the ocean and the gulf clash?

Caruso's 25-room suite in a Boston hotel will have an armed guard. No obnoxious burglars or women will be able to break in.

Possibly, we will get an actual demonstration of the army's preparedness, anyhow, and then goodbye all that expert testimony.

THE MELTING POT

FILLED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

SMALL TALK.

I must confess, I'm in distress. When they start small talk, This line of small talk.

First you murmur no, then yes. You don't think, you just guess. And then you say nothing, Absolutely nothing.

It gets my goat. And I sure know it. This line of bunk. This Verbal Junk.

I must admit I'm up in the air. Because I certainly am not there. On handling this chatter. This non-brainy matter.

So when they start it with me, I simply pick up and then I flee. And I don't beat it in a walk. O no! Not when they small talk.

The motorman and the conductor climbed off the car and proceeded to dig the ice out of the switch. "This," said the motorman, "is sure railroading."

"This," said the boy who brought our meat Wednesday, "is the first time I ever saw it snow and lightning at the same time."

MUM IS THE WORD.

Speaking of F. I. Hardy and the Red Gods that call, did you ever see that young windmill he uses for a reel? Some reel! Don't say anything to him about it. He's sensitive—threw it and rod and buck tail bait all away in the lake at Barbee once just for that reason.

E. W. Y.

IT WASN'T HENRY.

The record of 27 auto trucks in 24 hours was not made at the plant owned by the great pacifist.

There is plenty of variety to the way you can pronounce the name of Villa. We have lost our key so will not attempt to tell how it should be pronounced. Pick out what you like from the following: V. I. V. A., V. Ya, Vill la, V. Lay and Villa.

We don't care to start anything but wonder if when the wireless breaks down is it due to the wires.

Perhaps if those 125 bowlers storm Toledo they will not find a warm welcome.

Our idea of no fame at all is to be known as some woman's husband.

A man doesn't need to go to the country to inspect the calves.

WHEN YOU SEE A man coming from the business

Statesmen Great and Near-Great

BY FRED KELLY

WASHINGTON, March 22.—A drunken tramp printer once paid to Senator Warren G. Harding, of Ohio, what Harding considers the highest compliment he ever received in his life.

The printer was working on Harding's newspaper in Marion, O. One day Harding wrote a little account of the death of a son of an old friend of his. It was a beautiful obituary notice, although Harding did not realize at the time that he was producing what bordered on real literature. The tramp printer placed the article in type. That same night he went on a debauch which took him to other parts and Harding did not see him again for nine years. Then the fellow dropped in unexpectedly and applied for a job.

"You worked here once before, didn't you?" asked Harding.

"Yes sir, I did, and the last thing I ever set up for you was a beautiful account of the death of a boy. It made such an impression on me that I went out and got drunk. I remember the piece yet. It was good enough to put into a book. As near as I can recall it ran like this:—

Whereupon the tramp printer recited verbatim the little article Harding had dashed off as a part of the day's routine nine years before.

Obviously, the man was placed back on the payroll without delay.

Just on the face of the thing, one might think that a young man running a little country store in a town of only a few hundred people away down in Oklahoma, would have a mighty poor show to break into the halls of congress.

Yet here is a new congressman from Oklahoma, one James V. McClintic, who only a short time ago was scarcely known outside the town of Snyder, which is a place of about 300 souls, counting in traveling men and dogs.

No one is more astonished to find McClintic in congress than McClintic himself—unless it would be the folk back in Prinsmont, Tex., where he was brought up, who now comprise the charter membership of the "New McClintic Club."

In his school days in Texas, McClintic's teachers used to tell him that if he would just turn over a new leaf and study, he might possibly be able to hold a position as janitor when he grew up. But he did not take their warning and paid scant attention to improving his mind. His studies did not interest him. Yet he got through school and spent a year or two in college. At the end of that time he got a job driving a dray,

section and stop about seven blocks out to mail a letter you can gamble your last nickel his wife gave it to him to mail before he left home.

It used to be, the maiden fair, Was puzzled as to what she'd wear. But now the poor miss is in doubt, Just what she'll be able to go with-out.

FEBRUARY 30.

(From the London Observer.) It is not generally known, but there is such a thing as a February 30, and there are even menu-cards in existence bearing the date. It only occurs on steamers crossing the Pacific eastward at the psychological moment; a day is gained on the voyage, and when that follows February 29 in Leap Year, it is February 30. It is like a way of catching the To-Morrow - Which - Never - Comes; and rich men might stalk the elusive day as they go to Uganda to shoot lions.

We are waiting for the Villa trap to be sprung.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

Freddie Vanderwurst had a good job and was paid in regular money. One day he found a photograph. It was a beautiful photograph and one side was blank, but on the other side was THE PICTURE. It was a picture of A GIRL. To say this GIRL was BEAUTIFUL is only telling the start. So Freddie fell in love with the girl in the picture.

He quit his job and went to search for the ORIGINAL. He hunted everywhere, but she was not there. Finally one day Freddie was coming down the street. And the ORIGINAL was coming up the street. Ah! And again Ah! Would he see her? Would he notice her? He came and she came. They are almost opposite and Freddie sees the ORIGINAL of the photo. He gazes into her eyes, he looks into her face and he—

WALKS ON.

He failed to recognize her.

STEWED PLEASE.

Spring has come but she has flew, Yes mamma I'll have some stew. It was warm but it didn't last, For the sinking sun was sinking fast, And baby cried but we should worry.

The Germans seemed to be in a hurry. But the king said nay Pauline, We can't afford the gasoline.

Water wagons for the army. And Mexico is a desert.

What is the highest degree of dryness?

Just now. It's Mexico. E. J. M.

ing talked to McClintic quite roughly, saying: "What do you keep bothering me this way for? Suppose everybody kept running in here and asking me for a better job. How would I ever get anything done?"

"That is your problem, sir, not mine," replied McClintic. "I keep coming to you simply because I require a better job—and I'm going to keep right on coming to you every Monday morning until I either get that job or get fired. You can do one or the other."

"Well, you needn't come any more," declared the manager, bringing his fist down on his desk, "because I've just decided to give you the next job that is open."

In a week or so McClintic was salesman for the concern on the road. Presently he saw an opportunity to buy a stock of goods on easy terms from a Texas firm that was going out of business, and he opened his little store in Snyder, Okla.

He became city clerk of Snyder. Then just out of politeness, the people sent him to the state legislature. He got behind a bill that was popular and was promoted to the state senate. From there he stepped into congress.

So far as appearances go there is nothing to indicate that McClintic did not come to congress direct from Fifth avenue instead of from the Oklahoma senate. He is a trim looking young man of the type that ready-made clothing manufacturers love to have pose for their magazine advertisements.

No particular moral attaches with the life story of McClintic. If there were one, it would simply be to the general effect that you never can tell.

Even yet, however, a great many of the folks back in McClintic's native town refuse to believe that he is a really truly congressman.

WITH OTHER EDITORS THAN OURS

A RETURN TO RELIGION.

(Philadelphia Press.)

One of the most remarkable appeals in this war—remarkable first because of its intrinsic nature, and secondarily because of its author—was read in Liverpool the other day. It came from the pen of Vice Admiral David Beatty, whose wife is an American, and who is the youngest naval commander engaged in a high official position by any of the European belligerents. Vice Admiral Beatty's squadron recently defeated a German fleet in the North sea.

In this appeal Admiral Beatty prays that England shall be led into a religious renaissance similar to that which has developed in France. The sea dog does not visualize the cataclysm merely as the wanton slaughter of millions, a blood-drunk orgy. He discerns a turning point in the materialism of the world, a point where nations and men have come face to face with either a reactionary trend back to Christian ideals and deeper religious fervor, or the overthrowing of the present scepticism regarding matters of religion and the downfall of pure materialism among thinkers and people and rulers.

The naval commander cites France's return to the church; the republic's fundamentals restored in religion and her atheistic dogmas spurned and thrown aside for those ideals that were cherished before agnostic socialism supplanted the deep-rooted churchly sentiment of the people. Admiral Beatty discusses Russia's relief from the thrall of vodka, and the impressive manner in which the Slavic peoples have gone back to religious beliefs that were not always manifested in the onrush of modernism among the empire's greatest thinkers.

This British admiral, who evidently is a man of deepest devotion to religious impressions, declares that Britain alone is struggling along complacently and forgetting to draw closer to the teachings of the church. He appeals for the United Kingdom to view this war as a chastening influence to bring the people back again to the true religion, in order that the monarchy may be guided aright by Divine Providence.

He asserts, too, that Britain must pray as well as fight, and peace will come sooner through prayer than through cannon. His nation, Admiral Beatty declares, must humble herself before the Throne of Omnipotence and cease believing that in her own self-satisfaction, she wrest victory from her enemies.

It should be strange, too, that this war in which man has returned apparently to his primitive emotions and elemental actions, should develop into one of the greatest religious renaissance that the history of Christianity records. Admiral Beatty's significant appeal comes all the stronger, as we realize the support to be comprised of blood and iron, with little time for poring over those emotional studies that find an outlet in religion. Coming from a warrior of the Beatty type, this statement comes to the people of all nations fraught with deepest significance.

And how worth considerable thought by those neutrals whose thoughts perhaps may be swinging toward modernism and materialism as a substitute for Christian brotherhood and religious satisfaction.

THE HONEYMOON ORDER.

Grocer.—The honeymoon is over in the house on the hill. Assistant.—How do you know? The Grocer.—The bride has just telephoned in an order for onions.

A Detroitier, reading of the death of Lewanika, king of Barotseland, Rhodesia, Africa, recalled having bought lemons for the good king, whom he found flat broke, the last of a \$250,000 royal fortune having been dissipated at the coronation of King Edward VII. in England.

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